THE TURRET

APRIL 1919

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THE CHILDREN OF
THE TOWER SCHOOL
SALEM·MASSACHUSETTS

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THE TURRET

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CARRY ON

Do you remember what Harry Lauder did when he heard of the death of his son in the fields of France by a German bullet? He went to the nearest recruiting station and enlisted. He had heard that his only son's dying words were "Carry on." These words he said as he charged over the parapet, at the head of his men, into "No man's land." Now Harry Lauder was "carrying on" by enlisting, replacing one who had "gone West."

Are we going to follow his shining example and "carry on?" We must be worthy of our returning heroes, most of whom are coming home finer men than when they went. We want them to find us all changed into far better, worthier citizens than when they went to fight for us. We must keep on growing better, each time as we reach a certain goal putting it further ahead of us, as the men did when they were fighting; each time as we reach a certain objective pushing it ahead, carrying on to battle and carrying on in our homes. This even children can do.

MARIAN UPTON, Age 12.

EDITORIAL

In school we are trying to improve in our work so that the soldiers coming home will not be disappointed. Just see all they have done! They have risked their lives, their health, their everything! How can we ever repay them? I think the least we can do is to study, and play a little, but most of all, try to become good citizens. The thing that made the soldiers get ahead and win this war was that they did all that was expected of them which brought us victory. Let us do ALL that is expected of us, in school and at home.

What are you going to do? I say,
Subscribe for the Victory Loan!

VIRGINIA ENOS, Age 11.

EDITORIAL

Spring is the time when everything is growing, and this is the time for the children here in school to grow, too. On muddy days we come in without wiping our feet. So that's one thing we can grow in, besides many others. ELINOR C. MAHONEY, Age 9½.

THE LIFE IN THE CASTLES

The people in the castles lived in a queer way. The way that they ate was also very curious. A "board," as they called it, was brought in, the nobility sat at one end of the table or "board," and the attendants at the other with a great salt-cellar between them. For plates they used great slices of bread, eating them after the meal when some gravy or something was on them. For knives, forks, and spoons, they used their fingers. The bones were thrown under the table to the dogs.

There were many rules which they were to obey at the table:—they were not to play with the cat or dog, not laugh or speak while mouth was full of food, they were not to wipe their eyes on the table-cloth, or dip their bread into the salt-cellar. After the meal a towel and basin were passed around. And after that a minstrel came and played to them.

The castles are described as large towers, one at each end of a large house effect, thick walls with long thin slits for windows, and a door the shape of an arch with a pointed top just like the doors of some of our churches nowadays. The castles are very seldom on level ground, but they are mostly built on islands, or on steep, rocky hills.

Inside they had a large, long, hall in which they all ate and slept except the lord and lady of the house. There were not many chairs in those days, so when the lady had guests she would sit on her bed. In summer and winter the castles were very cold, for even a big fire in the hall did not keep the drafts out, and the summer heat did not get in. You might think that the people would be warm enough, for their walls were three feet thick, while nowadays they are about ten inches, but they were not warm. And the tapestries hanging on the walls did not help much either for the wind came in through the cracks also. RUTH ROBINSON ROPES, Age 11.

HOW ARTHUR FOUGHT WITH THE GIANT

One day Arthur was out sailing with some of his knights. He met a lot of people who were weeping because there lived a big giant on the top of the mountain; when he got hungry he sometimes even ate little children, oxen and horses, then he took the duchess of Brittany and carried her up the mountain. Brittany was the name of the country in which they lived. When Arthur heard this he said, "I'll go fight him and try to kill him." But the people said, "Do not go, you will surely get killed." But Arthur went up the mountain to find the giant. When he got up to the top of the mountain he found the giant asleep in front of a cave before which were two fires. He was as tall as the biggest pine tree that ever grew. His mouth was as big as a cave. Out of his nostrils came fire when he breathed.

Then King Arthur called to him, "Come on and wake up and fight with me." The giant woke up and said, "Ha! Ha! I can surely kill you." Then they began to fight. The giant struck Arthur but it did not hurt him very much. While they were fighting and holding on to each other they rolled down the mountain where his knights were. Then they began to fight some more. Arthur killed the giant. Then all the people said to Arthur that he could have all the giant's gold and wonderful things. But he did not want the gold,—he wanted the giant's club because it was iron. So he divided the gold among the people and went back to his palace.

OCTAVIA PEIRSON, Age 10.

THE CATHEDRAL

The sun doth on its windows shine,
Showing the glory of a power divine;
Its spires towering into the sky,
Lead one's thoughts to that Power most high;
From its choir the anthems ring,
Praising that Power of God our King.

VIRGINIA ENOS, Age 11.

CRAYON DRAWING
By FRANK BENSON LAWSON, Age 4.

A MORNING AT THE SEASHORE

As I was walking down the beach at early dawn, I paused. The sun was beginning to climb the sky, and the birds were gathering one by one to get their breakfast. The waves were breaking gently on the sand, and the rocks I could see in the distance were green and red and all different and all pretty colors. In the distance, where the sky met the water, I could see little boats and islands.

RUTH ROBINSON ROPES, Age 11.

THE KNIGHT WITH THE BADLY MADE COAT

One day when King Arthur and his knights were sitting at the Round Table, a tall man entered the hall. Of course the knights looked at him in amazement for he was almost a giant. He had on a coat made of gold. It hung in wrinkles everywhere and was far too large for him. The sleeves were pulled up to his elbows and it was old and had blood stains on it.

He said his name was Brune, but he would not tell his father's name because somebody had killed his father and he had sworn that he would not take off his armor until he had found out who killed his father.

Sir Kay called him, "The Knight with the Badly Made Coat." The next day King Arthur and his knights went out for adventures.

Brune was working in the court yard trying to grow strong when the Queen and her twelve guards came out. Suddenly a lion came out of the woods and rushed at the Queen. The guards were afraid and ran away, but Brune was as strong as a giant and stood over the lion and broke his neck and saved the Queen.

When King Arthur came home he knighted Brune and made him Sir Brune.

WILLIAM SHREVE, Age 9.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

In America the Spanish colonies were revolting against their mother country, Spain. They were not having all the privileges that they thought were owed them. At last the Spanish king gave the Spanish colonies their freedom.

The Russians were moving farther into Siberia at about the same time that the Spanish colonies were revolting. At last they reached the Bering Sea and crossed it and began to settle in the Oregon Territory.

The English began to be worried about the Russian settlements in the Oregon Territory. A man named Canning asked America if she would join England in an alliance to keep away other countries from America.

James Monroe was president of the United States at this time. John Quincy Adams was Secretary of War. Adams was opposed to joining England or any other country in an alliance, as he said we should not mix ourselves up in European troubles. The president was of the same opinion. The president also wrote a letter to Congress

concerning the trouble with other countries, and it was called the 'MONROE DOCTRINE' which we are hearing so much about now. In the letter he said that "we had always acted on the good advice in Washington's farewell address and had not meddled with European affairs and that he hoped that Europe would keep her hands from ours." The whole Doctrine summed up was AMERICA FOR AMERICANS.

DELANO M. KENNARD, Age 11.

CHAMPLAIN

In the year 1603 two little French ships sailed up the St. Lawrence. A man stood on the deck. It was Samuel Champlain. He was going to plant a little colony in Canada.

They built three houses and around the three houses a wooden wall, and around the wall a ditch. One morning while Champlain was in the garden, a man came running to him. He said to Champlain that he had heard of a plot against his life. He told the man to get bottles of wine and told him to tell the plotters to come on board the ship.

As soon as the plotters came on board they were arrested. The worst one was hanged and the other three were sent back to France. With the cold weather some Indians came and built huts. Champlain now decided that, while part of the men stayed at Quebec, he and the other men would help the Indians with their war. He was to fight the Iroquois. Champlain wanted to go to the lake that the Indians had told him about.

The Indians quarreled with one another and some of them went back. One night in July they came to the lake. The Iroquois were on the lower part of the lake. The next morning Champlain met them on land because the Iroquois did not like to fight on water. The Indians made a ring around Champlain's men and all of a sudden the Indians opened up and Champlain fired.

The Indians ran away leaving all their provisions and their bows and arrows. During this time the Hurons and the French were good friends. At last the great leader, Champlain, died, but he gained power for the French in Canada.

KING UPTON, Age 9.

WHAT IS ITS NAME?

I saw a bird in Middleton. His wings are red and yellow. His back and breast are black. Do you know what bird I am thinking of?

EBEN JEWETT, Age 7.

ST. FRANCIS AND THE WOLF

Once as Saint Francis was walking down the road he saw a mob of people gathered together and as he drew nearer to them he heard them say, "The wolf—the wolf—he is killing a dog!" At those words Saint Francis ran towards the wolf, and grabbing the dog took him

away, then going back to the wolf he calmly said, "My dear wolf, do not harm people nor beasts for they mean no harm to you." Then the wolf looked into Saint Francis' eyes as if to say, "I will never do such a thing again." So then the saint said, "Will you promise this, for you will be fed by all these people if you will be kind to them. Now will you promise?" Again the wild beast looked into the saint's eyes as if to say, "I will promise." And what made the people feel sure of that promise was that the wolf nodded his head.

Ever after that the wolf was fed by the people and never again did he harm beasts or people, and Saint Francis was thanked a thousand times.

This little story shows what a true saint St. Francis was.

SALLY PARKER, Age 11.

JOAN OF ARC

Joan of Arc on a charger white,
Led the army of France through a victorious fight.
On and on winning victory and renown;
They came to Rheims to receive their crown.

RICHARD THOMPSON, Age 11.

A FUNNY ACCIDENT

It was a cool, windy day. The sun and a gloomy bank of clouds were fast approaching each other. In the harbor various small craft were tossing about on the choppy white-capped waves, impatiently waiting for the deep boom of the signal gun which was to send them flying across the harbor.

Boom! Away skimmed half a dozen of the larger craft and, before we had more than glanced at them, their lower quarters disappeared from our view behind the small rocky point. Then the sails gradually were blotted out by the different colored summer houses. Then another signal and a few of the smaller craft started.

At last our signal came; we swung about, our booms came over and we started. As we drew near the first mark the clouds were almost over us. Between the first and second marks we passed the "Firefly," swamped. A little farther on the "Brutal Beast" cracked her mast.

By the time the "Bimbo" reached the second mark one-quarter of our class had retired from the contest; the wind had increased until it blew a fine imitation of a strong gale.

Fast we approached the danger point: the third buoy off Fort Sewall. There the wind was strongest and we also had to jibe at a **very, very** windy point; or lose the race. I suppose you know what happens in a strong wind when you jibe in a light boat with little weight in it. Well, it happened here.

Just before the fateful jibe I chanced to look over near the Club where the other class of cat-boats were racing. Puff, puff, puffff! came the wind, and over went the "Reddy II" into the foamy, white-capped sea.

Nearer, nearer, we came to the jibe where the two boats which were ahead of us were almost swamped, but as they were manned by the two best sailors of our class they were able to keep on.

Around we went just by. Bang, crack! creaked the mast of the boat behind us. We would be safe in a minute! —But the port rope caught in the rudder and, squash!— over we went!

We were good swimmers and the water was warm so we had the time of our lives while the people on the fort were having hysterics every time we swam a couple of yards from the boat.

But the funny part was, the boat behind us had seen us go over and evidently expected to follow our example.

One fellow on the "Swallow" was sitting on the rail (where he shouldn't be) to hold down the boat. The boom went over and just bumped his head, and over he went in a perfectly beautiful dive!! How he ever did it I don't know.

The next day we had great fun reading what the papers said about it. Considering everything we had a dandy time that afternoon.

MARIAN UPTON, Age 12.

WHO IS IT?

In a tree making holes I heard a bird. He has a red cap on his head. He has white stripes on his back.

Can you guess what the name of this bird is?

RICHARD SHREVE, Age 7.

BOBBY'S SCARE

"Ha ha," said Chub Jones, "we'll scare Bobby." He said this as he walked along with a big pumpkin under his arm. "Oh, here comes Bobby now," said Jimmy Greene. "Hurry up and hide your pumpkin, Chub." Just then Bobby yelled, "Hi, Chub, what have you there?" Chub and Jimmy pretended not to notice him but then Chub yelled "Oh, go chase yourself," and Bobby walked away. Then Chub and Jim came to his house and they went in. It was Hallowe'en afternoon.

Bobby was only seven and very scared of the dark. "I wonder," said Bobby, "what those brats are up to now."

Just then the door bell rang and Bobby's mother answered it. Then she called, "Bobby, Bobby, cousin Jack is here and wants you to have supper with him."

Now Chub and Jim had climbed up the lattice to hear this conversation. They fairly laughed out loud as they thought of the fun they could have, and the old mystery house with all the bare trees and how they could place the Jack o'lantern on the gate post.

As they climbed down the lattice they heard Bobby say he would go to his cousin's house now. It was already getting dark and when Bob and his cousin got to the house supper was ready. The boys ate a hearty supper and after supper Bob said good-bye and went out in the dark.

It was very dark and the wind made Bob feel very scared.

Bob had never been so scared in all his life. When he got to the mystery house a voice said, "Goo! goo!" and some yellow eyes appeared, "J-J-Jiminy Christmas!" said Bobby, as he stepped back a pace; you even could hear his teeth chattering, "W-w-w-what!" but he never finished his sentence, for there on the post stood a horrible thing with gleaming eyes and a fiery nose and a hungry mouth. Then what should happen but a ghost; then another and another! They were only the trees but they looked like ghosts in the dark so Bobby was scared.

Then the deserted house looked like a goblin. Bobby ran and ran and didn't look back till he reached home. Then he told his mother and his mother said "Bobby, you have seen a Jack o'lantern!" But to this very day Bobby is just a tiny bit afraid.

BILLY NORTHEY, Age 9.

THE GRACKLES ARE HERE

The Grackles are here!
They are singing for cheer,
All about we can hear them,
From far and from near.

KATHERINE FABENS, Age 9.

THE ADVENTURES OF KING PELLENORE

In King Arthur's Court, every knight and lady that they thought was bad had to go away from Court to live by themselves.

One of the ladies of Arthur's Court was called Vivien. She was very pretty and as graceful as a willow wand, and no one thought that she would be wicked.

One of Arthur's warriors was King Pellenore.

Vivien liked King Pellenore very much.

One day she begged him to let her ride with him, so they rode out together. As they went by a thick part of the woods a beautiful golden lady stepped out of the woods, and cried, "O good knight! please help me, because my dear lord who is to be my husband is wounded, for his enemy got up behind him and thrust his sword in his back."

"Gladly I will help you," said King Pellenore. But Vivien said, "Do not leave me,—maybe she is a witch."

"She is not a witch," said King Pellenore. Vivien held to his arm but he gently laid her arm aside. When the wicked woman saw he was going to leave her she made her horse throw her to the ground and there she lay, as if in a faint.

King Pellenore said to the other lady, "I shall have to take Vivien back first."

"Alas, alas! I fear it will be too late," cried the damsel.

King Pellenore kept thinking of the damsel all the time that he was helping Vivien. When he got back to the spot where the maiden had been, he found her and a knight lying on the grass.

"Alas, Alas!" the lady said, "my dear lord is dead and I am dying."

King Pellenore felt very sad that he had helped Vivien instead of the maiden.

Then he took them back to the palace and there they were buried.

MARIE MERRILL, Age 8.

GUESS

I saw a bird that about every body has seen. His back is brown and his breast is red.

Can you guess what the name of this bird is?

NAT GOODHUE, Age 7.

THE BROOK

It runs through the wood and through the dale,
And it runs and runs and does not fail—
Down the mountain, and over the crag—
I think it must be playing tag!

BILLY NORTHEY, Age 9.

A GEYSER IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

The trip to the Yellowstone Park was a pleasant one, but the best part was the Yellowstone itself. When we arrived we rested all the rest of that day; next morning we started out on our trip through the Yellowstone. I was very anxious to see the Geysers, and soon our guide said, "Here is a Baby Geyser. Anyone that wants to see it, can." I jumped out of the carriage and ran to where the guide was standing. As I peered over his shoulder I was very much disappointed, for all a saw was a pool, clear as crystal, where I had expected to see a small geyser.

But as I looked, the pool sank and disappeared from sight. "Look out! she's coming," yelled the guide and as I ran back I saw the most wonderful sight I had ever seen. A gush of crystals came out into the sunlight, looking like a shower of diamonds.

RICHARD H. THOMPSON, Age 11.

HOW JOAN OF ARC GAVE HER LIFE FOR FRANCE

All France was on Joan's side when she gave cheer to all the armies. She won the allegiance of every one. The dauphin did not do a thing without her advice. Riding at the head of her army, dressed in white armor, and carrying a banner of the lilies of France, she commanded her army against the English. In 1429 they drove the English from Orleans which had been held by them for many months. After this she made the dauphin King of France, and then wanted to go home, but the dauphin would not let her. He had such confidence in her, and she had such power that he was going to keep her until the English had all gone.

After winning many glories, French commanders became jealous of her and allowed her to fall into the hands of the British. When in English hands she was put in prison and tried for witchcraft. They believed very bad things about her. When she was asked questions as to her religious belief she seemed to be true, but yet they wanted to have her burned. She was to be burned in the market place of Rouen.

Her death was very noble and heroic. Many now began to believe she was a saint and one English soldier who had a special hatred for her, and was intending to throw a fagot on the fire to make it burn better, went away after her death crying, "We are lost! We have burned a saint!" The war lasted for several yars longer, but in 1453 the French won a victory over the English and brought an end to the Hundred Years' War.

VIRGINIA B. ENOS, Age 11.

THE CLOCKS

"Tick, Tick, Tick, Tick,"
Said the clock named Dick,
"The faster I go the better I like it;"
But old Granny clock said, "I don't like it a bit.
It makes me all sore and I get mad."
Dick ticked, "Well, you ought to be glad,
Our master is coming to change us ahead,
It will be early when he goes to bed."

BENJAMIN SHREVE, Age 11.

A TALE OF TWO CLOCKS

Once there were two clocks. One of them was always grumbling, while the other was always happy.

One day the two clocks heard the master of the house say, "Tomorrow we shall set the clocks one hour ahead."

"O dear!" sighed the grumbling clock, "O dear!"

"You are always saying 'O dear!'" said the other clock scornfully, "I'm glad they are going to do it."

"You're always glad of everything that happens!" grumbled the old clock again.

"I'm not going to change, that's all there is to it!"

"I am," said the happy clock. "It will be great fun."

"No, it won't either!" said the grumbling clock.

"Well, let's not fight about it, what ever happens," said the happy one.

When the time came for the clocks to change, the master of the house forgot all about it.

Then the grumbling clock grumbled because the master forgot to change him.

The happy clock was very much disappointed, but he always made

the best of everything, so he simply said, "I don't care. He'll probably remember to before long."

And so he did.

But to this very day one of them always grumbles while the other is always happy.

ELINOR C. MAHONEY, Age 9½.

CRAYON DRAWING

By KATHERINE FABENS, Age 9.

WHOSE PICTURE IS THIS?

I am thinking of a bird that is a small bird. On his head and on his back he is blue. His breast is orange with a little white also. He is clinging to a bush in a meadow and he is near a farm.

ELIZABETH SANDERS, Age 8.

HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

Edith Peirson was a little girl six years old. Her mother would not let her go out at night. One day she was going over to play with Mary Simkins. Her mother had told her to come home at 4 o'clock, but at 4 o'clock she forgot to look at the clock because she was having such a nice time playing paper dolls. At 6 o'clock she looked at the clock. "Oh-oh-Mary! look what time it is! Mother told me to come home at 4 o'clock and it is 6 now! Good-bye, Mary, I have to go now."

Edith went along a little while. Suddenly she saw a big orange thing right near her. She did not know what it was. She began to cry, "Oh-oh-boo-hoo-hoo! I am lost, I am lost!"

"Oh, no, you aren't," said a voice behind her.

She looked behind her. There was her dear little brother!

"Oh, who put that ugly face there?"

"I did! I put it there," said he. "I did not mean to scare you. That's only a Jack o'lantern!"

JANICE VAUGHAN, Age 9.

SIR BALIN

Once in Arthur's Court there was a man named Sir Balin. He had been kept a prisoner for a long time because he killed King Arthur's cousin. When he was walking down the hall looking at the shields a damsel entered who wore a rich mantle and they saw that she wore a sword.

"Damsel," said Arthur, "why do you wear a sword?"

"I have to until some one can take it away from me," she replied.

"Many knights can do that," said Arthur.

"No, there is only one knight in the whole world that can do that," said the damsel.

They all tried to take it away except Sir Balin, and when he finally tried, he took it away as easily as possible.

"You are a brave knight," said the damsel, "but give me back my sword."

"No," said Sir Balin, "you must give me your sword because I have none."

But the damsel did not want to give it to him and she said, "If you take this sword you will be very sorry afterwards because you will kill one of the best friends you have in the world."

Sir Balin answered, "I could not slay my best friend."

Soon he left the court and rode until he came to a castle. The rule of the castle was that when any one came to the castle they would have to fight with a knight. So Sir Balin fought and soon they both lay wounded. Sir Balin reached over and took off the other man's helmet and found it was his brother, Sir Balan.

BARBARA COBURN, Age 8.

WHAT I SHOULD LIKE TO BE

When I am a man I want to be
A sailor bold and go to sea.
I'll sail all day, and all the night
I'll dream fine dreams of brave sea fights.

OCTAVIA PEIRSON, Age 10.

MY BIRTHDAY

My birthday was on October the 17th. It is a happy day for me. I told mother I wanted a little party because I know she would not like a big one. I said, "Mother, will you let me have Elinor for me, and Jackie Coffin for Sally, and Nat Goodhue for Charley?"

She said, "Yes, you may, I am going to write the invitations now."

I told her I would like a wrist-watch. She told me that I could have one next year. I said, "All right, I will know how to tell time a little better." She was out in the kitchen telling the maid what to have. I just heard the word bread and jelly sandwiches. I went out to play with some friends but I forgot who they were. When the afternoon came it was a very happy one. I got lots of pretty presents and a big birthday cake with nine candles, and everybody screamed when it came in. And they went home at 6 o'clock. We went to bed with a happy heart.

KATHERINE FABENS, Age 9.

CATHEDRALS

In many cities in England and France,
Cathedrals were built so high,
That looking up from where one stands
They seem to touch the sky.

Their towers, their spires, the arches so grand,
Were built with the skill of an architect's hand.
The windows with color so rich and so bright
Fill the nave and the transept with beautiful light.

RICHARD THOMPSON, Age 11.

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

Well my children, when I was a child Washington passed through our town. You must know that I lived in Trenton Town where the famous battle of Trenton was fought. At that time there was a quaint wooden bridge over the Delaware River. The Revolution had just come to a successful end; and Washington, our great leader, was to pass through our town! He was riding to New York to be made our first President.

Great preparations were made for his entry. Our old wooden bridge had a wooden frame erected over it and roses were twined completely over it. When it was done it looked like a great arch of red roses and green leaves. I was to be a flower girl and had the honor of being one of the twelve girls to scatter rose petals in the path of our commander. I remember, oh so well, that two hundred dollars Mother and Father had been so careful about. But it was paper money, and we used it all to buy our simple white dresses. My sister Anne was also a flower girl. We all were dressed in white muslin dresses, with long sleeves gathered in with pink ribbon at the wrists; and wide pink and blue sashes. We had on plain wide brimmed straw hats with blue ribbons hanging down our backs. The Selectmen of Trenton gave us small white friendship circle pins; and the General gave us each a rose.

About nine o'clock, when we were all gathered near the rose-bowered bridge we heard a drum beating and in a few minutes we saw rows of blue-coated men advancing. First came two score minute-men; then Washington's staff officers. After the staff officers came the General himself, riding a coal-black steed. Then followed the "color-guard" of four men carrying our glorious standard in the center. The state militia ended the little cavalcade. How we cheered him! The next day three quarters of our neighbors had sore throats. We marched before the General and scattered fresh rose petals in front of him. He rode gaily to the farther end of the bridge where he delivered a wonderful address. I can almost remember his very words although it was so many score years past.

After the address we all escorted him to the Tavern of Trenton where he was served a dinner of all the dainties the town could afford.

We stood at the back of the room until he was through his dinner. Then he stood out on the green and shook hands with every one there! I can feel now the gentle grip of his hand as he bade me good-bye and thanked me for what I had done to welcome him. Then he rode off to be inaugurated as our first and best 'president.' "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

MARIAN UPTON, Age 12.

WHO IS THIS?

I saw a bird about as big as a robin. He is yellow, black and brown.

He lives in the meadows. What is he?

JEAN MISSUD, Age 8.

SUNRISE AT THE SEASHORE

Open your window and look out on the ocean before sunrise in summer. The water and sky are gray, when suddenly, way off in the east, you see a rosy glow.

The glow reddens, grows brighter; the clouds are golden. As you watch, up springs the sun, an enormous red ball which, as it mounts higher, grows smaller and brighter and throws a golden path across the water.

RICHARD H. THOMPSON, Age 11.

THE CATHEDRAL

Oh ancient grey Cathedral,
I love you through and through.
It took a century or more,
To build and finish you.

I love your graceful carvings,
Every stone and pillar too.
And what can e'er compare
With all your paintings rich and rare,

And all your stained glass windows
With the saints upon them too?
Oh ancient grey cathedral,
I love you through and through.

SALLY PARKER, Age 11.

KING PELLENORE

There was a lady in Arthur's court named Vivien. She was so beautiful that no one suspected her of being wicked.

One day when King Pellenore and she went out riding, a beautiful damsel came rushing out of the woods and came upon them.

"Oh good knight," cried she. "Please come and help me! As we were walking to King Arthur's court to ask my father's permission for me to marry my lover, one of my lover's enemies crept up behind him, and stabbed him in the back. Please, please, come and help me!"

"I should be glad to," said King Pellenore.

As King Pellenore started to follow the maiden, Vivien said, "Do not follow her, she may be a witch."

"That she cannot be," replied King Pellenore.

Then Vivien pretended to be awfully sick.

King Pellenore didn't know what to do. He felt that he ought to go help the beautiful damsel, and he felt that he ought to help Vivien. Finally he said, "Fair maiden, I shall help you as soon as I take this lady who has swooned back to King Arthur's court."

"O dear!" sighed the damsel, "I am afraid it will be too late."

Vivien made King Pellenore go very slowly back to Camelot. Then the king gave Vivien to another knight who was riding by, and rode quickly back to where the maiden was.

He rode down a narrow path, till he came to a glade where the beautiful maiden was. All about the grass was bloody.

"O dear!" said the maiden, "while you were gone, a lion came out of the forest and slew my lover with one stroke of his paw, and my lover has died. He has wounded me so sorely that I, too, shall die."

King Pellenore looked at the young knight, and saw that he was very, very, pale and quiet.

"I fear that I have done wrong," said the king.

He stayed with the maiden till she, too, died. Then he took her body, and her lover's body, and put them on his horse and he walked beside them very sadly back to Camelot.

"I am a very miserable man," said King Pellenore.

"You are more miserable than you know," answered the wise Merlin. "That beautiful maiden was your own daughter who was stolen from you when a child. Only lately she found out who her father was."

Then the maiden and her lover were buried with great mourning, and it was many days before King Pellenore cared to seek for adventures.

ELINOR C. MAHONEY, Age 9½.

MARCH AND APRIL

March is a nice month. I like the wind and rain. I like April better than March because it is such a warm month and the flowers begin to come and the trees begin to bud.

VIRGINIA ARNOLD, Age 7.

SPRING

S pring birds are singing
P retty posies are blooming,
R obin red breast builds his nest.
I ce and snow have melted,
N ow the flowers are coming—
G reen grass is here.

MARY IVES, Age 8.

PAINTING
By VIRGINIA BROWN ENOS, Age 11.

THE GARDEN

I'm raking up the garden
For to get the garden clean,
And it will be the nicest
That ever has been seen.

JOHN NORTHEY, Age 5.

CATHEDRALS

Cathedrals are very steep and tall.
They are decorated very well
With gargoyles and other things
So pretty I can not tell.

In building these great piles of stone
They take one century or more
And when they're built, how pretty they look
With tracings and carvings hoar!

RUTH ROBINSON ROPES, Age 11.

A STORY OF LONGFELLOW

Once as Longfellow was sitting in his study he heard a rap-tap-tap at the door and he answered, "Come in." In came a little boy. Looking all around, and up at his bookshelf, he said,

"Have you got the book of 'Jack the Giant Killer'?"

Longfellow replied, "I am sorry, son, but I have not got that famous tale."

When the boy heard this he said, "I am sorry, I will be in again to-morrow." At that he left.

The next day soon came, and the boy came and with him he had two pennies which he handed to Longfellow saying, "Take these and buy yourself a copy of 'Jack the Giant Killer'."

Longfellow, looking up into the little boy's face, said, "Thank you, my boy, it is very kind of you, but I do not wish to take your money, for I will buy a copy of the book myself." With those words he put back the two pennies in to the boy's hand.

The boy left saying, "Good-bye."

Longfellow knew that two pennies would not buy him a book, so that is one of the reasons he gave back the money. He bought the book just the same.

SALLY PARKER, Age 11.

THE PET FAWN

One day a little Princess named Sunshine, as her father, King John, called her, went out to play. She only was out just a few seconds for she was tired of playing all by herself. She came and said to her father, "Dear father, I am tired of playing all by myself. I wish I had some one to play with."

"My dear child," said her father, "you shall have a little lad, for you must be lonesome playing all by yourself. I will get a little boy just your age, my dear Sunshine. How old are you, dear?"

"My dear father, I am six and a half, and when will you get the boy?" said Sunshine.

Her father said, "Dear child, I shall go and tell my faithful servant and knight to go search throughout the land for a beautiful young lad, just as old as you. Won't that be nice, my child?"

The princess was delighted when she saw the knight and the servant go riding out of the big golden gate with dragons carved on it by hand. She said to her father, "Dear father, you get just every thing I wish for."

Her father said "My dear little princess, do you not know that I can have everything I want, and you can have the things you like also? Do you wish for anything that you haven't?"

The little princess said to her father that she did want a pet but that was all she lacked. Her father was glad to do anything the princess wanted, but the princess's father, King John, did not like cats nor dogs nor anything like that, but he did not tell the princess this for he knew she would laugh at him. He asked her in a very gentle tone, "My dear little Sunshine, what kind of pet do you want?"

The little princess Sunshine said, "A cat — no, a dog — Oh! no! I wouldn't have a dog if I had to — a fawn! Oh! yes, a fawn! Can I, dear father?"

"Yes, my dear Sunshine, you may," said the King.

Just then the knight came in with the boy.

The princess ran to the gate and said, "Oh! you have come! I have waited a long, long time for you and I was all alone all these days." The little princess said, "Come, tell me your name?"

"My name is Alfred. What is yours?" the little boy said in a very timid voice.

The little princess said, "My name is Princess Elinor, but my father, the King of England, calls me his little Sunshine for I am always smiling, he says."

The princess went to show her companion their playroom.

Suddenly they heard a lot of noise in the courtyard. "Oh my! what is that? Why, oh! that is a pet fawn my father has been trying to get! Come, let us go down and play with it, come on!" So they went down stairs as fast as their legs could carry them. When the fawn saw the two come running out of the palace he ran to meet them. They went to the woods to play with him.

"Oh! Oh!" said the princess suddenly, "Where is our fawn? Why, he is gone! Let us go look for him!" They went through the forest looking in every bush and every little corner and niche.

Soon they met a hunter and they said to him, "Have you seen any little fawn in this forest?" The hunter looked down upon them and put a hand on each of their heads and said, "Yes, I have seen a fawn and have shot an arrow at it and I was trying to find it and eat it for supper, but I am sorry if it is your fawn."

"Oh, oh," cried the little princess and her companion, "that was our only pet and besides we just got it to-day." And they went and left the hunter and found an arrow in the fawn's heart. "Oh! oh!" they cried, "our dear fawn is dead!" And they ran home and told their father and their father said, "I will get another fawn for you and have the hunter killed or have him put in prison."

So the princess got another fawn and they all lived happily ever after.

KATHERINE FABENS, Age 9.

ONE OF DON QUIXOTE'S ADVENTURES

Place: The country, in a large open field.

Time: Noon.

Note: A pretty country girl is standing on a small mound of earth, picking flowers and singing to herself. A cow is grazing nearby.

ACT I.—SCENE I

Don Quixote: Look there, my good Sancho. Dost thou not see the fair lady yonder, singing for a rescuer?

Sancho: I see nothing but a country lass gathering flowers and singing for company; and a fat old cow grazing quietly near by. Faith, Your Grace must be mistaken.

Don Quixote: Knave! How darest thou to answer so to the Lord of La Mancha; slayer of the sinful and wicked, great giant Caraculiambro, once Lord of the Island of Malindrania; which I have since added to my noble domain?

Sancho: But Sir, Your Worship—

Don Quixote: Interrupt me not, thou shalt not prevent me on my noble deed of mercy. I shall call to her now. (Rides forward till within speaking distance of the maiden.)

Sancho: Good Sir: stop, wait.

Don Quixote: Stop thy foolish chatter.

End of Scene I.

SCENE II.

Don Quixote: Fair captured maiden; dost thou know who I be? I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, slayer of the great giant Caraculiambro, once Lord of the Island of Malindrania! Pray tell me what is the name of thy foul capturer that I may slay him and add his name to the list of those who have fallen by my noble weapon, my sword. (During this oration the astonished lass stood motionless staring at the strange couple.)

Maid: Sirs, what do you take me for? Are you crazy to talk to me this way?

Sancho: I was right; stop; let us beg the pretty girl's pardon. (Sancho is in love with the girl; and tries to talk to her.)

Don Quixote: Ah, I see the trick that hath been played upon her. Her captor has forbidden her to speak. I shall go and slay that dragon, then I will take her on my travels. I shall name her Dulcinea del Toboso and she will reign with me over the lands I am about to capture.

(He rides forward with spear before him; strikes the peaceful cow on the back, and the cow at once becomes awake and chases him to a near-by town where the cow runs home to his native shelter. Don Quixote races back after his Dulcinea, but the poor lass was fleeing)

Don Quixote: Dear me!! Yonder fair maid can not wish to be my lady. If she scorns to be rescued by Don Quixote of La Mancha, slayer of so many infamous ogres; why then, let her go. We must ride on for we have wasted much time. Come, move on, Knave Sancho.

(Poor Sancho looks after the fleeing maiden with a wistful look. Both ride off stage.)

MARIAN UPTON, Age 12.

AN IMAGINARY VISIT TO A GOLD MINE

I was traveling through the west, and I finally decided to visit a Gold Mine.

A gold mine is usually found in the Mountains, and to get to them you go down in an elevator. When you get there it is all very dark. The workmen have to wear candles on their hats so as to be able to see. A gold mine is a very long and dark place, and it also about deafens you, there is so much noise.

SALLY PARKER, Age 11.

THE GRUMBLING GRANDFATHER CLOCK

The Grandfather clock went, "Tick, tock, tick, tock.
What's that I hear about changing the time,
When last month 'twas eight and this month it's nine?
And it's going to be light when it ought to be dark,
And you have to hear that old meadow lark?
I won't change a bit," said the old, old clock,
As it grumbled away, "Tick, tock, tick, tock."

WILLIAM E. NORTHEY, Age 9.

ST. FRANCIS

St. Francis was very kind to every one, but not only people, for he was kind to birds and animals and all other creatures.

One day he met a beggar holding out a cup for money. He was so tired from the long day that he let his cup which was in his hand drop. Finally Francis, who had been watching him for some time, went over to him and said, "Come, let me change my clothes with you."

The man got up. They both went over to a corner and did this. Francis wanted to know what it was like to be poor, and so he sat all day in the beggar's place, wearing his rags.

Another day Francis went into the woods to take a walk. He was with one of his friends. As they walked on through the woods Francis said, "Wait, friend, I wish to preach to my sister birds." The friend waited while Francis preached to them.

When he began, one by one they gathered around him, and listened to every word. When he had finished he started off, but the birds would not depart until he had given them his blessing.

RUTH ROBINSON ROPES, Age 11.

SPELLING STORY

The soldier who was a **hero** came back from France as an **invalid.** Before he went across he was a **mechanic.** He brought back a **belle** from France. She is a foreigner and her father is a **miser.** On the way home they were robbed by some **pirates** who were **rogues.** Some of the sailors were **sluggards** and others were **gluttons.** One was as small as a **dwarf.** They bought some tags that said on them, "Help the **paupers.**"

FIFTH GRADE.

SPELLING SENTENCES

The **son** looked up at the **sun.**

The **hare** lost one **hair.**

The bird had a **sore** wing but yet he **soared** up into the sky.

The **pail** was **pale** blue.

As I **raise** the curtain in my room in the morning, the **rays** of the sun come in.

I will tell you a **tale** of a rabbit's **tail.**

You must not **meddle** with that **medal.**

Ere the sun rise, the **air** is fresh and my **heir** has left me many nice things.

A **pair** of **pears** was being **pared.**

So I **sew** my dress, then I go out and **sow** my garden.

I **need** the plate that **kneads** the bread that the **week-kneed** man will eat.

RUTH ROBINSON ROPES, Age 11.

SPELLING STORY

As my **son** sat in the **rays** of the **sun** drying his **hair,** a **pale** brown **hare** ran past and **raised** its **tail** in the **air.** A **pair** of gulls soared over his head. Someone told him a **tale** about the **heir** to the kingdom and he was so **weak-kneed,** that he had **need** of being **bailed** out of **jail.** Then he had to sow **pear** seeds, and **pare** a bushel of apples. But **ere** he could bale a **bale** of the hay, he broke his leg and died.

RICHARD THOMPSON, Age 11.

JOAN OF ARC

One day as Joan was tending her sheep,
    Out in the pastures green,
She closed her eyes in dreaming fashion—
    And St. Michael was seen.

St. Michael opened his lips and said,
    "My dear maid, France is calling.
To fight for her you surely must
    For you could not see her falling."

RUTH ROBINSON ROPES, Age 11.

MY TRIP TO ATLANTIC CITY

"Oh! there is the Boardwalk!"

That is just what I said the morning after my arrival at Atlantic City. Later in the morning we walked down the Boardwalk to a swimming pool and went in and watched the people swim and every day after that except Sunday we walked down there and my father and I swam.

The next day I rode horse back; it looked so easy **but,** when the horse begins to trot you jolt up and down as if you were riding in a

dead X wagon over a bad road. But after a few days I got so that I could ride fairly well.

On our way home from Atlantic City we stopped at Philadelphia and I went to Independence Hall, and saw the Liberty Bell. In the afternoon we went out to Valley Forge and saw the original entrenchments which were only little mounds of earth. Then we went to Washington's headquarters where there were tunnels under the lawn; on the way back we saw Gen. Grant's log cabin, and William Penn's house.

The next morning we took the train for Boston.

RICHARD THOMPSON, Age 11.

MY VISIT TO A GOLD MINE

The gold mine I went to was in the Rocky Mountains in Colorado. When we went down, we found ourselves in a very crude elevator shaft. It had no sides at all but just a floor. The mine was all dark except for a few candles burning on the walls. The gold is usually found in layers like a sandwich between the other rocks. After the layer has been located it is dug. Sometimes they take a big hose and squirt it upon the place where the gold is and the force causes the gold to be dislodged.

VIRGINIA ENOS, Age 11.

MORNING AT THE SEASHORE

Just smell that sweet, cool, fresh, air, and look how the sun shines! It just dazzles my eyes! You must not forget to put rubbers on for all the streets and the grass are wet with dew. In the east is a most beautiful sight as the sun rises and is reflected on the bright, clear water. As I come down stairs the whole room is flickering with the colors of the rainbow caused by the glass windows. As I open the door to go to school I meet a cool, refreshing breeze, that sways the tall, slim trees. All the time it is beckoning to me to come and play in the grass and in the fields. Hear the birds sing! The whole air is filled with their sweet songs.

VIRGINIA ENOS, Age 11.

LETTERS

The Tower School
Salem, Mass.
April 8, 1919

Dear Major Hall,

I am very glad that you are a Major.

My father is in the war and he is coming home soon. He is a Captain and he is in Battery D.

From

ELIZABETH.

The Tower School
Salem, Mass.
April 8, 1919

Dear Major Hall,

I am so glad that you will be back soon with your wife.

We are cleaning up the garden and Richard Thompson is our captain. We are having great fun. We like to clean up the garden.

Will you come to see us when you have time?

Love from

VIRGINIA ARNOLD.

The Tower School
Salem, Mass.
April 8, 1919

Dear Major Hall,

I am so glad you are a Major and I am sure you are too.

I wonder how Mrs. Hall feels.

We all hope you will be home soon.

We are trying to grow.

There is a flower pot on the wall. We try to make the seeds that are in it grow. That makes us grow.

In the garden we have some plots, three on each side. I am on Delano K's side. Marie Merrill is on Richard T's side. In geography we are having maps. I just caught up yesterday because I was away so long. Do you know why? Because Margaret, my sister, had diphtheria, and I could not go to school.

The whole school is writing you a letter. Margaret went to school yesterday. I went the day before yesterday.

I am going to do some lessons just now. It is arithmetic and I just did some spelling. Delano M. Kennard came back day before yesterday. I think I will close now.

Sincerely yours,

With lots of love, from

MARY IVES.

NEWS

At school we are beginning spring cleaning. We are raking all the leaves in the garden and cleaning all up. How pretty it looks to see the grass turning green and the flowers and shrubs budding! Besides all the spring birds and flowers seen by the children we have seen the toads just opening their sleepy eyes. Delano and Richard are the captains. We are each trying to have the best-looking plots.

VIRGINIA ENOS, Age 11.

We wish to announce that Captain Hall has been promoted to Major Hall and that he came home on the Winifredian Friday, April 18th.

Captain Sanders, Elizabeth's father and Ben's, Billy's, and Richard's uncle, came home on the Mongolian, April 10th.

V. B. E.

LT. COL. PERKINS' SPEECH

Sunday Lt. Col. Perkins made a speech at the Grace Church. Five girls from each scout troop came. My, what a crowd there was! Every seat was full! Col. Perkins talked about the war, and we sang, "God Save the State." How beautifully everybody sang "The Star Spangled Banner!"

E. M.

THE KINDERGARTEN'S THEATRE

One Friday the Kindergarten asked us in to see their theatre. It was the cunningest sight! It was a farmyard with a cute little barn and a brood of little baby chicks. It had a clothes line with some clothes on it. There was a big black dog. The barn had a weather-vane on it. How pretty it looked with the big white clouds and blue sky! Then the Kindergarten sang about the weather-vane.

ELINOR C. MAHONEY, Age 9½.

THE FIRST GRADE'S SAND TABLE

In the first grade's room there is a sand table, and they asked us in to see it. It showed a little Holland house and garden with a dike to keep the water out. The house was made to look like a little brick house. In the garden there was real grass and there were some paper tulips that were very pretty. While we were looking at the sand table, John Northey and some of the others told us about Holland.

OCTAVIA PEIRSON, Age 10.

IN MORNING CIRCLE

We march in and when we get in there we sometimes say the Lord's Prayer and sometimes another prayer. Then we sing a hymn. Then Miss Tarr plays some songs. Sometimes the big children bring books and tell us stories.

ELEANOR KING, Age 5.

SCHOOL NEWS

We have written "sunshine," "happiness," and "Easter." We get bluebirds and bunnies if they're good papers, and to-day an Easter chicken.

Most every day I get one of those things.

GRAFTON PERKINS, Age 6.

THE BLUEBIRDS

We are bluebirds and we are eating up the bugs. Birds eat up bugs and we are eating bugs too. We have eaten about talking and sitting up straight. They are different kinds than birds eat. It helps us.

RUTH SHEPARD, Age 6.

I've eaten two bugs, one at school and one at home, not asking what I ought not to at dinner-table, and one at school, not talking when I ought not to talk.

ALISON CHAPPLE, Age 7.

DANCING SCHOOL

There were children at the dancing school party and we danced. There were ladies there. We ate ice-cream.

GEORGE UPTON, Age 5.

We had a party. We had some ice-cream. I had a fan and some little candle-sticks and a tennis racquet with a ball.

SALLY IVES, Age 5.

THE BIRD WALKS

On our last bird walk we went to Hawthorne where we saw a few birds. There were only a few birds because it had been raining the night before. We saw a flicker, some robins, a song sparrow, a fox sparrow, a few redwing blackbirds, and a meadow lark.

At school some of us have ordered some bird pictures that show us just what the birds look like, and that helps us to learn them.

OCTAVIA PEIRSON, Age 10.

AT THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

One day my aunt took me and Ben and Bill Shreve to the public library in Boston to see the pictures of King Arthur's knights and the Holy Grail. The pictures were painted on the wall high up by the ceiling. There was a picture of Sir Galahad fighting the seven sins, and one of Sir Galahad being christened, and another of Sir Galahad being made knight and also of Sir Galahad on Solomon's ship, and lots of others. Finally we went home.

BILLY NORTHEY, Age 9.

THE TURRET FAIR

Saturday, March 8, 1919, there was a fair over at Marian Upton's house for, "The Turret." We got $88.

Long before it was time for the fair all the girls were working and working. We met once a week, and sewed and got things ready for it. We all thank everybody who gave things to us and bought things at it.

E. C. M.

A SCOTCH ENTERTAINMENT

One Friday morning the sixth and seventh grade sang Scotch songs. They sang, "Annie Laurie," "Comin' Through the Rye," and "Auld Lang Syne." We enjoyed it very much.

The fourth grade are going to give a Scotch play next week.

ELINOR.

KINDERGARTEN NOTES

The children of the Kindergarten made a scene in the toy theatre which showed the different things the wind does. There was a windmill, a barn with a weather-vane on it, clothes drying on a line, a flag blowing, and other things. They have taken short walks to see the flowers which are waking up, and they found crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths, and violets, and very green grass. One morning, they entertained the older children with songs and games and Charles said, "The big children clapped because they liked our songs."

The last morning of school before Easter, the children discovered that the Easter rabbit had been in the Kindergarten, and had hidden some tiny baskets of colored eggs. Great was their surprise and joy on finding them.

THEY BEAT US ALL!

No one can guess what happened to-day, April 17th, in morning circle. Well, I know you can not guess, so I will tell you. The kindergarten entertained the rest of the school by playing games and singing songs.

The first thing they sang was a weather-vane song in which they used their little hands for weather-vanes. One little fellow with black eyes and hair likes to sing, for when we clapped, his eyes twinkled and he looked as happy as could be. They sang about Jack and Jill, and made us see the whole story by acting it with their hands. Then they all turned into a choo-choo, and my! how that train did go! The engineer rang the bell, the whistles sounded, and off went the train to New York and back again! After that, they all became little birds whom the mother bird pushed out of the nest in order to teach them to fly. We all enjoyed seeing and hearing the games and songs.

R. T.

JOKES

One day we were out sailing and we saw the lawn which belonged to some people named Eaton. My mother said: "Isn't the Eatons' lawn short?" I said, "It's been eaten off!"

BENJAMIN SHREVE, Age 11.

One day when we were having History, Miss Warner said something about making money in Washington. I said, "I thought they made money on Wall Street."

Miss Warner said, "They do, but they make it in a different way in Washington. On Wall Street they make money by selling a thing that is lower and is made higher, and in the mint they really make it."

BENJAMIN SHREVE, Age 11.

One day some one called up the grocery store and asked what they had to eat. The man named lots of things like sausages, pigs' feet, and some other things. Then the person said, "I will have a yard of pigs' feet."

"O Madam, we don't sell them by the yard," said the man.

"But," said the lady, "aren't there three feet in a yard?"

OCTAVIA PEIRSON, Age 10.

Do you know that they make the sleeves very tight on ladies' clothes in Boston? I know why they do: because they expect them not to eat so much during the war.

BENJAMIN SHREVE, Age 11.

One day my father said he wanted to have a statue of Lincoln in the place he worked in. My Mother said "Is it a bust?" I said, "Is its nose broken off?"

BENJAMIN SHREVE, Age 11.